

shavings out of his pocket and sent the porter away happy. Thereupon Herbert produced a half crown which he handed to his brother, who pocketed it without comment and as a matter of course. They were not miserly men, but made a point of being just and exact in their dealings with one another down to the uttermost farthing. Much annoyance would be saved if all men were the same as the Talbotts with respect to small sums. Nevertheless, this rigid adjustment of matters pecuniary was a trait in their characters which greatly tickled Mr. Mordle.

All the while the little boy, with fat sturdy legs placed well apart, stood upon the great oak hall table. The lantern of many colored glass over his head threw rich, warm tints on his sunny hair. He seemed in no way shy or terrified; indeed, if any fault could be found in his bearing, it was that his manners were more familiar than such a short acquaintance justified. As the dignified brothers once more bent over him to resume their examination, he seized Mr. Herbert's watch chain in his chubby fist and laughed delightedly—a laugh which Mr. Mordle echoed. He had long looked for a suitable excuse for expressing his feelings in this way. The situation was so funny. An unknown child foisted upon his friends at this hour of the night! No dirty beggar's brat, but a pretty, well-dressed little boy, old enough to possess a row of tiny white teeth, but not, it seemed, old enough to give any explanation of this unwarrantable intrusion. The child had such large, bright blue eyes, such wonderful golden hair, such fearless and confident ways, that Herbert, who was fond of children, patted the bright head and pulled out his watch that the little rascal might hear it tick; while Mordle slipped back to the dining room and returned with a couple of unwelcome men.

"Nearest way to a child's heart through the stomach," he said, as the youngster deserted his first friend for the sake of the sweets. Herbert eyed these advances disconcertedly. "But what is to be done?" he said. Just then the muffled strains of a piano passed through the closed door of the drawing room.

"I should think," said the curate, "you had better take Miss Clanson's advice on the subject."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Newspaper with No Night Editor.
(Boston Herald.)

La Correspondencia ("The Correspondence") of Madrid, Spain, has the largest circulation of any paper published in the capital. Everybody reads it, and from the universality of its perusal it is facetiously called the "Spanish Nightcap," because no one is supposed to be asleep without having read it entirely through. And it must be read through, for it is the most extraordinary hodgepodge and olla podrida ever printed as a newspaper. It is a newspaper rather than a paper of opinion. The staff consists of a dozen bright reporters and no editor. The reporters scour the capital and pick up every item of interest, cabinet recognitions, the accident to your washerwoman, the illness of the King, the latest earthquake news, the price of eggs, the opening of a new cafe, a Carlist rising in the North, the burglary of a shop, an excursion party's adventures in the mountains, the latest club scandal, the running away of a horse, a convention of wine merchants, everything, in fact, that occurs can be put in print. This is La Correspondencia. The reporter being the only person like so many being coming home laden. They put their copy, written at the clubs or hastily pencilled in memorandum books on the streets, into a black leather bag at the office. When the composing room runs out of copy to set the foreman goes to the black bag and helps himself to a handful of the manuscript. It is all set and all printed without any regard to order or typographical display. You read it because you know that in its crowded columns is everything of note occurring at the capital. You read every line, for if you skip at all, the very bit of news you want may be the one you skipped. The circulation of this paper is rated at 290,000 daily, and on occasions at 300,000. It is the vivid portrait of Madrid life, the doings of the world of Spain as pictured in its pages. Nothing is too small, nothing is too great for the reporters of La Correspondencia. It is the ideal newspaper composed of news pure and simple.

Medical Care of Schools.

[Youth's Companion.]

Our public schools should be medically cared for. What might have been proper care once, is far from adequate now. Diphtheria, the most fearful pest of our homes, was, fifty years ago, one of the rarest of diseases. Moreover, into huge school-houses are now crowded scholars often more numerous than the population of our old-time villages, and that, too, with the problems of safekeeping and adequate ventilation by no means settled in practice.

These masses of young people are thus brought together at an age of peculiar susceptibility to contagious diseases, when the disposition to social intimacy is strongest, and when the subjects least know how to care for themselves. The children from the best hygienic homes are thus freely exposed to contact with children from the worst.

In the first place, the legislation pertaining to this matter should be fully adequate. We already have in some States laws that allow readmission to the school of convalescents from contagious diseases only after danger of communicating it has passed, as certified by a responsible physician. Such laws should be universal, and be, in every case, rigidly enforced.

In the second place, in our cities and large towns the schools should be looked after by a competent medical adviser. Beside attending to other matters connected with the proper protection of the pupils, the latter should give them familiar lectures—or talks—on matters of health and hygiene, and from time to time during the year meet the assembled teachers, and train them to intelligent co-operation with him in the work.

In the third place, all other practicable measures should be adopted to make the teachers available for the matter. The Health Department of Brussels lately prepared a pamphlet containing brief instructions as to the first symptoms of infectious diseases. This has already been translated and introduced into the schools of Cleveland, Ohio. This will suggest our meaning.

THE SUNDAY SENTINEL.

The Sunday Sentinel of this city is a good paper. It is entertaining, offering a feast palatable to the diversified taste of the public. Its gravity is not so oppressive as to repulse the light reader, nor its variety selections so light as to offend the cultured taste, while pleasing the sense of humor, so marked a feature in the present generation. And what is best of all, the moral tone of the Sunday Sentinel is wholesome—not sensational.—[THE IRON AGE.]

Don't forget that the Indianapolis Sentinel is one of the best papers published.—[LOANSFORD PHAROS.]

The Sunday Sentinel is especially desirable to every lover of good reading.—[SEYMOUR BUSINESS.]

THE DEAD SOUL.

BY A. MATHERSON.

I dreamed such a horrible dream last night,
It smote me through with a cold affright,
And would not so with the dawning light
Like other lies;
For in dreams men often meet a guile,
Or a wandering thought in bodily dress,
A visible "No" or a tangible "Yes"
To some dim surmise.

What was that horrible thing I dreamed?
I met a man—or a man he seemed.
As the morning dawns over him streamed,
Till, thrilled with dread,
I saw when my soul looked his soul through,
As only in dreams a soul can do,
That, though brain and body lived and grew,
His soul was dead.

Yes, there he stood, a creature indeed,
That could walk and talk and drink and feed,
And add up figures, and write and read,
And work and weep—
And all with automatic neatness,
Smiling even with studied sweetness,
And quite enjoying life's completeness,
The life he led.

Till at last I saw him standing there
With never a hope and never a care,
His dead soul set in a stony stare,
"Poor soul," I said,
"And wilt thou never feel again
Divine joy, most Godlike pain,
Love in which self is lost and slain?
Art thou quite dead?"

Oh, then in my pity I cried aloud,
"Oh, give to this poor dead soul a shroud,
And hide him away from the living crowd
In some narrow bed.
Oh, merciful Heaven, give him a grave,
Or send some fire that will cleanse and save
And quicken again the soul God gave,
The soul that's dead!"

—Good Words.

Spring Gardening.

[Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.]

A bright little woman once said to me: "If I feel an attack of the blues approaching I put on my chamomile gloves, take my little gardening tools and go into the garden and dig about my plants. Nothing is so potent to drive away low spirits as the fresh air and contact with the earth." There is certainly great comfort and pleasure in caring for the beautiful treasures of the garden, the "evangelists of beauty, grace and contentment." The value and power of flowers as direct agents of good can hardly be overestimated. There is something human, too, about them; they appeal to us as directly as do our fellow-men, yet with greater tenderness and rarer eloquence. What hosts of associations are connected with them. There is no event of life which they are not needed to beautify and refine. They are closely associated with religion, typifying much that could be presented in no other way. The lily and the rose are the emblems of the Virgin, daisies adorn the breast of St. Margaret; the snow-drop is the flower of the Purification, called also the "Fair Maid of February;" the "crown imperial" is dedicated to King Edward, the Confessor, while the anemone, or "Pasque Flower," is revered as typical of the Resurrection.

Many beautiful flowers may be cultivated even in the confined space afforded by a city yard with its conventional grass plot in the center, and the border extending around the three sides. Care must be exercised, of course, in the selection of plants for sunny places and shady corners. If the grass plot be not sacred to the bleaching of the family linen, it is just the place to have a bed of coleus. Have the bed made in the center and plant a canna or two, a caladium, or a castor oil plant (Ricinus) in the middle and surround them with the rich colored coleus. Great taste may be displayed in the arrangement of color. If there are clothes-posses, the corners of the grass plot must be left to them, but if these wooden sentinels are not needed, charming little triangular beds may be laid out at each angle. In one may be massed white verbenas, in another the dwarf, tawny nasturtium, in the next the purple verbenas, and in the last scarlet verbenas. In the shady places, have fuchsias and lilacs in the valley. The English ivy thrives in perfect shade, and may be trained on a fence or wall, making it one solid mass of green. Pansies like shade, but need some sunlight; they make a right royal bed. They are, too, so intelligent, every blossom seeming to greet you as you pass.

In the sunny borders, there may be superb geraniums, single and double; double portulacas which only blossom under the direct rays of the sun and are glorious with their crimson, yellow and white flowers. Double balsams, so often neglected, are constant bloomers, and their full blossoms are just adapted to finger bowls, a single flower with a rose geranium leaf affording a dainty bit of color. There must be plenty of mignonette, which may be used along the edge of the borders, heliotropes, light and dark, and carnations. Then there are the variegated phloxes, sweet alyssum, marigolds, the dwarf morning glory, candy-tuft and the beautiful petunias. Have a place for a few choice chrysanthemums and for some clematis plants, which are so effective if trained on a stick six or seven feet high. They thrive best in the morning sun. Do not forget the sweet geraniums and the lemon verbenas. The cobaea scandens, Mrs. Browning's "purple claret cup," which grows forty feet in the season, is a graceful climber, and with the rampant Madeira vine will cover the veranda or bay window. There are so many beautiful roses that will repay the care spent upon them, that it is only necessary to choose those which may be preferred.

For those who live in the suburbs and have a large garden, what a glory and wealth of bloom may be had! There are the beds of all manner of shapes, the flowering shrubs, the vines of fragrant bloom covering the verandas and the summer-house, the wild garden and the rose garden. A very effective bed is made in the shape of a cornucopia. The small part of the horn is formed of variegated coleus, arranged according to fancy, while tumbling out of the generous opening are every variety of annuals. This is so simple and so easy to care for, owing to the dense growth of the plants, that the amateur would have no difficulty in keeping it in order. The coleus must be kept short to preserve the contour of this horn of plenty.

A shady spot is best for the wild garden. A rich leaf mould is needful for this and it may be found in the woods with the wild flowers. Hepaticas, wood anemones, arbutus, violets, columbine and ferns, dwellers in the woods, are quite thrifty if transplanted with a large ball of earth to their garden home. Fleur-de-lis and the lily of the valley are in harmony with the wild flowers.

Bitter-sweet will bear transplanting and looks charming climbing over a stump. Plant vines wherever you can make them grow. The hop vine grows rapidly and is very beautiful.

Coffee dregs and tea leaves are good fertilizers and may be worked lightly in the soil about your roses or other plants that require gross feeding. Plants need nourishment in the same degree as animals, so do not starve them.

Women and the State.

The Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, in a recent issue of the New York Home Journal, discusses the relations of women to the State. In reply to objections urged by some of the ablest and fairest opponents of women suffrage, he says:

With several of the positions which they evidently deem of great importance we readily agree. Thus they take pains to argue

that woman is made constitutionally different from man, and will always remain different, mentally, morally and socially. I not only admit this—but this is one of the strongest reasons for advocating woman suffrage. Here is a feminine element wholly excluded from being organized into the customs and laws of the State. God has given to one-half of the human family a certain special way of thinking, feeling, acting, and we shut that quality of life out of public affairs. We organize one-half of the human nature into our State and leave the other half unexpressed.

Is that wise or safe? Since God made man male and female, did he not intend that both these elements of human nature should be embodied in society, in laws, in manners, in institutions? We do not undertake to say which is the highest or the best, the male or female; but we say they are different, and that it takes both to make man.

We welcome therefore all that is said about the essential difference between man and woman. If woman was only undeveloped man, it might be safe to leave her out, for then her nature would be represented by his. But now, this great divinely-created woman, whose nature is represented by the male, say how much may not be lost by our thus burying her talent in the earth? Who can say how much this woman influence might not do to purify, elevate and ennoble the State?

It is also argued that women have not any abstract right to vote, since no one has any such right. Voting it is maintained, is not a right in man or woman. To this, also, we readily agree. Voting I have always stated to be a mere mechanical contrivance for getting public opinion organized into law. We do not only demand of women the right of voting, but we wish to put upon her the duty of voting. We wish to have her do her share of the work of the nation. It is not for her sake chiefly, but for that of the country, that the future of the nation depends upon this view of the subject, which is the most important of all, many opponents of women suffrage hardly admit. They speak as if women were claiming the right to vote in order to become prominent, in order to come before the public to arrange to debate to obtain an empty notoriety. That is not the true woman who seeks the ballot. Women feel, many of them bitterly, this exclusion from a share in great duties and noble responsibilities; feel themselves treated as an inferior race in being thus excluded. But what they ask is not publicity or notoriety, but the opportunity to be companions and helpmates of man in this, as well as in other duties.

And, again, when it is said that women are not made to govern, it is assumed that all government is an act of force. But in the highest and best government force does not appear. Reason governs, wisdom governs, knowledge governs, public opinion governs nine times out of ten in human affairs. Because a woman votes, does it follow that she shall issue orders that she shall drive and command? The ballot which we ask for is a weapon of another kind; it governs and controls the most quiet of all authorities. The ballot expresses not rude force, but opinion; it does not reverse the word governs, as the canon governs, but it is the reverse outcome of that kind of power which has been assigned to women.

Eighty-five one hundredths of the common school teachers of Massachusetts are women. The community does not object to this; it approves it. Yet these women are obliged to govern directly, by voice and will, from morning till evening. Men are afraid that the ballot will have hardening effect on the character of women, because in dropping a ballot into a box she is performing an act of government. But who objects to woman's governing a school of noisy, wilful children six hours a day during the year?

The philosophers who define the sphere of woman, say that her sphere is home. But a woman who keeps house governs all the time. She governs her domestic life, she governs her children from rosy morn till dewy eve. This is all right, this is her sphere, this will do her no harm. But she must not drop a ballot into the box once a year, because she is supposed to be inadequate to government.

With the common view of politics no wonder it is thought that women should have nothing to do with it. Politics is assumed to be only a low, base struggle for office, power and wealth. It is said that "the great objection to suffrage is that the primary assemblies are filled by the most rude and violent elements, and that good men are wholly out of place in them." But whose fault is this? Is the fault of the "good men," who will not go to the primary meeting, and then complain the fault lies into the hands of the mob. When women have the ballot they may attend to their duties better than we do, and so reform even primary meetings.

There is nothing greater, nobler, more important than politics or the art of government, especially with Democratic institutions. It is not a struggle for the interests of the combined action of all honest and intelligent people to organize and carry on a State so as to bring the greatest good to the greatest number. The happiness and virtue of every man, woman and child in the land are influenced by the laws and institutions of the country.

Prepare for Failure.

A good old teacher used to say that he did not try to prepare boys for "success in life," but for failure. His opinion was that "success," in the ordinary sense of the term, depends upon natural gifts which a school can not create, or else upon favorable circumstances, such as a rich father and influential friends. Hence, his position, often expounded, that the chief office of education is to enable men and women to do without "success."

Almost any one of good habits, he thought, could enjoy existence upon twenty thousand dollars a year. The difficult problem is to be happy upon ten dollars a week. That requires genuine manhood, high motive, knowledge, taste, virtue, good sense, and, indeed, all the rare qualities of civilized men. The rich man can possess a picture of sunrise by the fashionable artist of the day, and he can keenly enjoy the distinction which its possession gives him. There are men in considerable numbers among us who, as they stroll cheerily, along to their work in the morning, have taste and feeling enough to enjoy the sunrise itself, with all its accompaniments of glorious color and rapturous song.

A wealthy man can have a gorgeous library. On a library table we saw, the other day, twenty thousand dollars worth of art-books, seldom looked at by the owner, or by any of his family. The family had a kind of languid pride in the possession of the great square volumes in their bindings of "crushed" something or other. A visitor could not be long in the room without being told how much some of them cost.

Success, as it is called, can procure such a library for a small family; but its education alone that can enable them either to use or to enjoy it aright, and we live at a time when a mechanic or a clerk can have access to a better library than that, besides possessing a collection of his own that shall include most of his favorite books.

Doubtless, then, our venerated teacher was not wrong when he advised his pupils to get an education which would enable them to live a contented and dignified life upon narrow means. Happily, the noblest pleasures are free to all who are capable of enjoying them.

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